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MONDAY
NOVEMBER 2, 1953

Arrived at Madrid about ten o'clock this morning, loaded with homeopathic pills which have slightly allayed my cold, and went to the Hotel Ritz.

I called Jimmy Dunn to ask if my shells had arrived from England. They had, but only as far as Bilbao where they are entrapped in customs red tape.

Next I tried to unlock my guncase. It was no good. Dear Robert had secured it so firmly that it required a locksmith to unscrew the whole contraption and discover that although the key would lock it could not undo what it had done.

Afterwards I coughed and wheezed my way through the Prado, that ill-lit but divine museum. On my way back to the hotel I permitted myself the purchase of an antelope waistcoat, rather chic I thought.

By this time I was famished, and changed enough Express checks (at 38-1/4 pesetas to the dollar - the peseta has strengthened since the U. S. aid contract has been sealed) to guarantee me against famine.

This is a beautiful sunny day, a bit nippy in the wind. Yesterday in France it was gray and raining along the route. I went to Linares, the leading antique store and had a look at their ancient Spanish rugs - beautiful but expensive. I am very fond of Spanish rugs; in color and design they are admirable, and the modern ones at the Royal Carpet Factory, done on the old looms, are to my mind the best in Europe.

I bought a pigskin purse for Sasha's Christmas, and a two-cigar container for myself.

To the Embassy to call on Jimmy Dunn, who is quite happy in his job. From his office one can see the framework of the glorified chickencoop which is in course of erection as the U. S. Embassy residence and office building. Jimmy says everything is wrong with it - site, architecture, exposure, and so forth. When I first saw the location some years ago, and afterwards the plans, I thought the project would turn out disgracefully.

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My English shells have literally fallen by the wayside between Bilbao and Madrid, so I face the prospect of blowing off my fingers on the duck loads Alan has shipped from home.

However, our patron saint and in a sense host, Joaquin P. Cervera, grandson of the famous Admiral, spent an hour with me tonight and, being also allergic to heavy charges, will provide me with some native loads. He is very attractive, about forty-five I should think, and keen on shooting.

Jimmy Dunn had asked me to a dinner he is having for Peggy and Harold Talbott but I declined since the Pittsburghers are due at about that time. Instead, Buddy North, who arrived last night from Rome, adventured with me to Horcher's, having waited for the witching hour of 9:30, which is the earliest a respectable waiter will lay a table cloth in this city.

We fared well and returned just as our party arrived. It consisted of Alan, Harry B. Higgins (President of Pittsburgh Plate Glass), George H. Love (President of Pittsburgh Consolidated Coal), Gwilym A. Price (President, Westinghouse Electric Co.), and my old friends John Lazear (a fine shot), Jim Bovard and Bob McClintic. Lazear has only a fragment of a liver, for reasons best left unsaid, and is accompanied by Dr. Lisle Nelson.

They had been twenty-four hours in interrupted flight and, not having spared alcoholic ministrations, were fit as fiddles. The vitality of Pittsburghers is as extraordinary as their hospitality, and both are remarkable and impressive. Buddy and I stole away after midnight, leaving them feasting on steaks.

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